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THE COMMANDANT'S STORY.

THE COMMANDANT'S STOR

gan to enjoy ourselves, laughing and joking and telling our love exploits-most of us had never yet seen fire-while smoking and drinking the excellent eigars and liquors provided by our liberal host.

provided by our liberal host.

It was then that one of us, the Lieutenant Darius, as he was nicknamed, from the horse that he had once ridden at a steeple chase, which, he was never tired of telling us, ought to have won, but did not, said:
"Apropos, boys! I have heard from Par-

"Is he not dead?" said a sub-lieutenant, who had devoted himself to the role of sceptic and indifferent in the corps, for there

who had be declared which who had be deep to another must always be one.

"No, and he does not mean to die. He wishes to say that he expects to be back at mess in two or three months at the most, and then will make the champagne flow."

"I am delighted," said I, "for Pariset is the king of good fellows."

"Well," said another, "he has been lucky."

"Lucky? I should say so."

"He has the devil's own luck."

It must be acknowledged that Pariset had certainly been very fortunate, for after several relapses he had recovered from the thrust of a sword, which had gone right through his body, and that forcible expression might well be used in speaking of a man who, after provoking a most futile and absurd quarrel, had commenced by drawing upon himself a sound box upon the absurd quarrel, had commenced by drawing upon himself a sound box upon the ears and ended by receiving in his flesh a wound that nearly took him from the army list and the arms of his friends.

This topic of conversation loosened all tongues, for the duel question is never out of order wherever officers are gathered to-

gether, as it awakens among most of then memories of many exciting moments, for i memories of many exciting moments, for if nothing is more uncomfortable than the sort of watch which precedes an affair of honor, nothing is more delightful than the moment after, especially if the harm is limited to a scratch or two, or a jolly breakfast without a scratch. Then, from the duel we got to the question of blows, which permitted the youngest subaltern of the party, fresh from Saint Cyr, who, being a beardless youth, had not ventured to join freely in the conversation of his seniors to aunch into eloquence as he imagined the lury one must feel at having to bear for one finstant the insult of a blow on the cheek.

i He was perorating in the midst of a general hum of approbation and indulgent sympathy, when a clear but rather mocking yoice made itself heard. The yoice be-

voice made itself heard. The voice be longed to Commandant Durdel, chief of the "Well. Monsieur Newcomer, you seem warm and tragic. What a fuss over a box on the ears, indeed! Maudhuy," and he tapped me on the shoulder, "reach me a ci-

gar. There's a good fellow. I, who speak to you, have received and kept three blows Three, you understand, and I do not think that I am more cold blooded than most Certainly not; he was not gold blooded Besides two or more duels which he had been far from shirking, his services in Af-rica and the Crimea, testified to his courage, He was a very kind-hearted man, with the was a very kind-hearted man, with frank eyes and rosy cheeks—too rosy sometimes, after a good dinner—and a pleasan voice; an excellent chief and still better comrade. We were all fond on him and could find but one fault, that was that he was too much given to telling in-terminable stories of his campaigns, over

and over again. this evening we did not put on the bored look th t we generally assumed when we thought he was coming out with one of his eternal old stories. What he had said had aroused our curiosity. Only think, as unedited story by Commandant Durdel!

He noticed the difference.

He noticed the difference.

"Intentique or a tenebant, as Juvenal says, or was it Virgil? which in plain French means that you never heard that story before. You are gaping in surprise."

"Oh, Commandant," said I, making a feeble protest against the truth, which is an invincible and absurd trick of mine.

"Hold your tongue, Maudhuy, it will be better for me to tell it you, than to keep on smoking so many cigars. You chose a good smoking so many cigars. You chose a good one, Maudhuy, you inveterate smoker. Seeing the general and the receiver talking politics, and the colonel and major yawning

over their conversation, I took the first op-portunity to slip away. A glass of liquor and then listen who will." On this, the commandant scientifically tossed off what he called his thimbleful,

and commenced.
"The first box on the ear—but we must have dates—is there a distinguished mathematician amongst you?"
"Maudhuy, Maudhuy," said my com-

rades.
I smiled with that look of mock modesty which comes so naturally when you are touched on your soft side—when your vanity is gratified and you do not like to show mandant said with a grin:

'What age was I in the Hundred Days, if I And as I would not answer, but grumbled that the question belonged to primary arithmetic and not to mathematics, he con-

"I was five years old and was pretty-pretty as all children are said to be by those who have never seen them. I was five years old and thought more of gingerbread and toys and the mud pies I made in the gar-dens of the Luxembourg than of anything else, when one morning my father came ou of his study and said:

'Little one, would you like to come to the review with me?'
"To tell the truth, I did not know what a "To tell the truth. I did not know what a review was, as we had no soldiers in the family, seeing that it was made up of women and girls and savants, who may be counted in the same category with the feed of my brother officers, who had profited by my illness and got the cross that I imagined private one—by that I mean one of those I ought to have, and it was in a small affair,

dute expected to receive the sister of the blow on my other ear and I put up my arm to ward it off; but my father pitted my head kindly and said in his calm way:

"He is right, he must have thought me unjust. But he must understand that I did not strike him for punishment, but that he should be forced to receive the sister of the should be forced to remember what he has seen to-day and the face of the man whom destiny is hurrying to his destruction.

"'Sh-silence,' said our friends, hurry-ing my father out of the crowd. I could ing my lather out of the crowd. I could only distinguish a word here and there, 'genius,' 'mandness for war,' 'murderer,' words that I did not understand then, but afterwards, when I began to read history,' At this point we all involuntarily looked at the door to see that the general was not within hearing; for it was not exactly prudent to make a proposition to the country to t dent to make uncomplimentary remarks about the first empire while the second empire was at its apogee. It would have been considered all the more reprehensible in an officer who had been on the staff of the Duc d'Aumale, of whom he had always spoken o enthusiastically that his promotion had

He understood our gesture and said;
"This is the story of my first box on the ars. The memory is dear to me, for it has helped me to remember that epoch very distinctly. I have only to think of that blow for the whole scene to come vividly before my eyes, Now, for another petit nerre—another cigar, Maudhuy."

THE SECOND. "This was in Africa, not Africa as it is now, where we can saunter about with our hands in our pockets, but the Africa of decapitations, of perpetual shooting, of clouds

of Kabyles, formation of squares to receive cavalry on every march, encampments, cavalry on every march, encampments, should never have imagined that the old and of a garrison always on the alert. It is commandant, we had nothing attractive THE NORTH DAKOTA LOTTERY. and of a garrison always on the alert. It is true that quiet garrison towns have their disagreeables; but do not let us speak ill of the present place, lest we should be sent to a worse. This is inscribed on my book:

""" The servone has his aphorisms"—is it not telligent and mischievous looking. A pretty oval face, a delicate mouth, with rather a ching expression, such as I admire in "Everyone has his aphorisms'—is it not so? and—But where was I?"
"You were in Africa?"

pose to decorate his own breast, had gone to the camp of Boueira, where were concentra-ted the troops who, under Gen. Damremont, were to march against Constantina. We were to start early next morning to clear the field, and no one thought of sleeping. The night was fine. Some one proposed a game of cards, four-handed piquette. I agreed, just for pastime, completely for getting that I had made up my mind not to play any more, partly because of invariable

By the way, commandant, you still owe
us the story of your third box on the ear."
He blushed, he positively blushed, and
with rather a confused manner, said:
"Do not speak of it, Maudhuy. To think that I was actually going to tell that story to the whole regiment, and because, having nothing to do, I had taken more to drink than was good for me! I should never have for-given myself, and my daughter would have

been angry, too."
Then I opened my eyes.
"What? You have a daughter? We all thought you a bachelor."
"I have relapsed into one, alas! after three years of marriage. Three years of happi ness. What could a captain with nothing ness. What could a captain with nothing but his pay do with a little child of two years old. Happily my wife had a cousin who was mother superior in a convent in Brittany. It is there that Adrienne was brought up. Seventeen, my dear boy, and so good, so sensible, more sensible than the old father she tries to keep in order with so much tenderness and vivacity. I pass all my leisure at Paimpol. It is my paradise, rather a far off paradise just now! You must have thought me unusually dull, just when everybody else, even the old fellows. were so delighted to exchange the tame garrison life for the pleasures of a cam-paign; it was because I was thinking of my daughter. I should have liked to get her

safely married before risking my life I took the hint and never reminded the commandant of the story, but he instead talked to me by the hour about his daughter; it bored me exceedingly, till one day he received a thick letter from France and took out of it a photograph which he in-sisted on showing me. I looked with a grimace which soon turned into a smile. I "You were in Africa, just before the taking of Constantine. Do not tremble, young soldiers. I am not going to tell you for the 'th time about my entrance through the breach on Oct. 13, 1837. How many times have I told it, Maudhny? You have not counted? You are a poor sort of a mathematician after all. And yet my box on the ears had a connect.on with that siege, for if I had not received it, it is probable that I should not have—but I'm getting the end before the beginning.

"On the 10th of May, 1837,—there is precision for you—Lieut, Durdel, who was every angry at still being only a lieutenant, having missed, through illness, three or four serious skirmishes, which had helped then the cross, which seemed made on purhopse to decorate his own breast, had gone to the camp of Boueira, where were concentration, and the troops who, under Gen. Damremont, and the troops who who make one take there to hear. It was an absurd thing, but even my first leave the met of the troops who who make our laws a gent left on and they to was a submral their to be be a blonde. It kept thinking of the train and the troop who make one take there to hear. It was an absurd thing, but even my first leave there to he mocking expression, such as I admire in women; her hair seemed to be blonde. I was so surprised that I kept thinking of Adrienne's hair and of her smile and I caught myself talking to her father as af-

the camp of Boueira, where were concentrated the troops who, under Gen. Damremont, were to march against Constantina. We were to start early next morning to clear the field, and no one thought of sleeping. The night was fine. Some one proposed a game of cards, four-handed piquette. I agreed, just for pastime, completely for getting that I had made up my mind not to play any more, partly because of invariable went after my money.

"So I played, and lost as usual. I lost with a decent show of equanimity until I fainted."

Way of rallying and encouraging the soldiers.

Then came Solferino. Here things that it was not yet mid-day when I was struck on the chest by a bullet and fell directly in the way of the artillery, which (wonderful to relate) did not pass over my body. All that day and the following night, in the heat and in the storm. I lay on the field of battle, expecting to die and suffering with cold, fever and pain; my groans were echoed all around me. I suffered so much that, while I was being carried off, I fainted.

Way of rallying and encouraging the soldiers.

There came Solferino. Here things that town this spring.

The plannin' now to move to town this spring.

They're sellin' off their farms and stock for almost anything. We want to git our money ready so when they the stant of the town this spring.

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The right was struck on the chest by a bullet and fell directly in the way of the artillery, which (wonderful to relate) did not pass over my body. All that day and the following night, in the heat and in the storm. I lay on the field of battle, expecting to die and suffering with cold, fever and pain; my groans were echoed all around me. I suffered so much that, while I was being carried off, I fainted.

way to the front of the iron gate of the Tuileries and hoisted me on his shoulder, so that I could see something besides backs. It was a magnificent sight. The sun made everything glitter, the rifles, the gilt plastrons of the guards, the horses' bits, the generals' gold lace—do not smile, messicurs, you will soon hear why it is I remember all these things so distinctly. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the moving lines came to a halt, the drums beat and ther appeared a little man in a gray coat, riding a white horse, closely followed by a Turk (the Mameluke Roushan) and surrounded by a brilliant staff. He passed along the front of the troops, cries of 'Vive l'Empereur' burst forth on all sides, at the same time that the guns saluted and the bands struck up.

"The man in grey—look at him well."

"The man in grey—look at him well."

"Here every one suddenly assumed a record, and the pleasure it was to me to see her mischievous smile, nor of remarking that this angel with the golden hair, who was so little like ber father, nevertheless inherited his propers the first source and whenever she was in the least put out, would bang the time with me, for I beg you to believe that he again became my dearest friend, in spite of the box on the ear which I never returned."

The commandant dried his eyes and stood looking on the ground. His spirits seemed suddenly depressed and we had to remind him of his story.

"The third," he resumed, "is the best of all, for if the first secured me a valuable reminiscence, the second, a better one still, the third—"

Here every one suddenly assumed a record had a made preparations of the geillout. The commandant, who had completely recovered, had made preparations to the fellow! I experienced at the very sight of the girl, of the g

including closely followed by a natural position staff. It passed about the full terror, created "Vir Elements that the game sainted and the bands of the full three is the tempered"; it is the compared to the full three is the three of the full three is three of the full three is three of three is the full three is three of the full three is three of three is the full three is three of three is three of three is three in three is three of three is three in three in three in three is three in three in three is three in three in three in three in three in three in three is three in that she must have feit, though she would not see it, at last annoyed her; she looked up and surprised such a look of adoration in my eyes that she completely lost countenance. This was enough to make me lose my head; I slipped into a seat near her and took her hand; she tried to pull it away, but I held it and said:

"I love you."
Paf! her hand, which she had jerked away from me, had come down with some force on my cheek. Her face was very red and see looked at first rather frightened, but then she burst out laughing and began to cry. The commandant woke up at the noise and looked angrily at us.

"What is the matter? Tell me, Adrienne, why are you crying? What has that fellow

been saying to you?"

She threw her arms round his neck and

hid her face on his shoulder; and sobbing between each word said:

"He told me— he told me he loved me— and I— and I—"

and I—and I—"

"And you—go on—and you?"

"I—I do not know why I—"

"Boxed my ears, commandant," I burst in, "which is rather rough, for mademoiselle might have let me know in a more polite manner that she disliked me."

"But I did not want to let you know that," she cried, blushing and smiling through her tears, while the commandant, laughing, but with tears in his eyes, said: "She, also! It must be in the blood.

laughing, but with tears in his eyes, said:
"She, also! It must be in the blood.
Maudhuy, you wanted to hear the story of
my third box on the ears. Now you understand. Only when her mother answered my
'I love you' in that brusque way, I was not
such an ass. I took my revenge." He
pushed Adrienne toward me and I did what
he told me. I took he told me. I took my revenge on her cheek; for the code of honor has decreed

a Λ box on the ear from a woman is worth
I at least one kiss and often more.

Dear Editor:-I s'pose you've heard we folks that live up here, Where drouth or prairie fires do us up 'most where drouth of prairie, hres do as up most every year.

Hain't had a reg'lar picnic, tryin' to, make our farmin' pay;

It keeps us scratchin' mighty hard to make three meals a day.

But now the men who make our laws a wondrous plan propose.

HOUSEKEEPING.

itors That Come. The opening of Henry James' capital

stranger at an English hunting seat, just United States after looking over a year's before dinner. The stranger knows that record of the money left by will in the his hosts are interesting persons, because United kingdom. The "personalties" of there are no "goody" pictures nor children's drawings hung on the walls of his chamber; the pictures are interesting and the volumes on the book shelf volumes on the book shelf of probate and of succession duty reaching imposing sums. One dry goods jobber in Manchester died possessed of \$12,500,000 of personal property; a Clyde ship builder fortable chair and a writing table, with pen and ink. Spring mattresses have been in use for many years, and most houses are use for many years, and most houses are filled with pretty well worn specimens of them. The spare bod is apt to be peculiarly lumpy, hard and squeaky; the housekeeper never finds out how bad it is. Some house keepers are going back to the nine-inchthick hair mattress laid over the straw pallet. In New England and New York, where they still have plenty of fine old feather beds, they place a husk mattress ou the wooden slats of the bedstead, over this feather bed and over the feather bed a thin cotton mattress or "palliassee," and this makes as good a bed as heart could wish.

If all housekeepers knew that genuine corrosive sublimate will annihilate bed bugs there would be few left alive, but it is a strange fact that many have never heard of the drug. There is no use in try-

corrosive sublimate will annihilate bed bugs there would be few left alive, but it is a strange fact that many have never heard of the drug. There is no use in trying to make believe that bedding can be aired by hanging it half unfolded over a balcony railing. The only way to get the queer smells out of the bedding is to hang it, unfolded to its widest extent, on a clothes line, all day, where the sun, shining on both sides of it, can effect the chemical change that leaves no scent behind.

Nothing is worse in a house than unpleasant visitors. They come with huge tranks that plow furrows in polished floors and that crack tiling. They lay wet flowers and heavy bundles on the toilet set, made of fresh mull and silk. They hang wet things on varnished chair backs. Unpleasant visitors splash soapy water around the wash-

that crack tiling. They lay wet flowers and heavy bundles on the toilet set, made of fresh mull and silk. They hang wet things on varnished chair backs. Unpleasant visitors splash soapy water around the washstand of the guest chamber, and throw spots of ink and shoe varnish about the walls and floors, and drop hairs and threads on the carpets, and smear tables with glycerine and vaseline, and spill tooth powder into bureau drawers. Unpleasant visitors throw their dusty coats and cloaks on the clean bedspread of the spare room, and lie down on it in their shoes and dusty street clothes, and even take naps between the clean blankets, thus dressed. They leave their windows open and let in dust and rain. Unpleasant visitors have sick headache and specific the same of the same of the interior specific the same of \$1.200,000. But even he does not come up to John Nevill, baker—who ever heard of a millionaire baker, on this side of the Atlantic?—whose "personality" is sworn at \$1,400,000.

It must be remembered that all this is in personal or movable property, and that real estate does not count in the enumeration not being liable to succession duty. pleasant visitors have sick headache and suck lemons, which they place on marble or mahogany furniture, where the corrod-

I care not how you are dressed,
In the meanest or in the best,
Nor whether your name be base or brave,
Nor for the fashion of your behavior,
But if you charm me.
It is delightful to make one of a coterie;

you have a regard for the members of your coterie; they are pleasant visitors. In great cities people drop into coteries, and people living in the country visit in coteries, and they do not dissipate their affection over a

MEANING OF THE WORD NEE. simply French for Born, but Is a Terrible Bugbear to Reporters.

The misuse of the word "nee" is a source of perpetual tribulation to copy editors, provincial "society reporters" especially being prone to a mournful disregard of its real oven. meaning. They have a hazy but nevertheless strong impression that it is equivalent to the expression "whose former name was," and they rarely fail to use the full name in all its aristocratic completeness. Now, the fact is that "nee" is simply French for "born," and although the charming Mrs. De Lancey Jones may have been "born" an Edwards, she certainly was not born
"Miss Jemima Edwards." Little things
of that sort don't always turn out
just as might be desired, you know. Perhaps no fault will ever be found, says the hops no tault will ever be found, says the Albany Press and Knickerbocker, with the fit of these cunning little garments that were so carefully fabricated, but it is not always safe to select a name for the baby always safe to select a name for the baby before it arrives. The doting father-to-be may decide that his offspring shall be known as Aristides Ponsonby Jones, but he may afterward be induced to select plain Susan instead from circumstances entirely beyond his control. It might be really too plebean his control. It might be really too piebean for the provincial "society reporter" to refer to "Mrs. Jones, nee Edwards." but he might try. And he certainly should avoid the error of a rural contemporary, which recently praised the diamonds of "Mrs. De Lancey Jones, nee Mrs. Will-am Smith." How poor Mrs. Jones ever cam to be born to a state of widowhood the reporter neglects to explain A Man's Idea of Home Comfort.

A man wants some one place in home

of the house where his will is law, where no conflict of authority can arise. This is not altogether for the purpose of securing solitude, for his family is usually most welcome there, but the need for it springs from a desire for that sense of proprietorship which is his habit abroad, and from the section of the city.

They have their own matches with much frequency, but they always take an interest in the shooting of the "young'uns," as they are pleased to call the beginners. The continuous match was for the "young'uns," and many of them have been coached and backed by the experts until they know a that he can call his very own, some portion which is his habit abroad, and from the wish to do precisely as he pleases in at least a corner of his own house. Here should be the comforts that the man devises for himself, the lounging chairs, the desk and library, his smoking materials with license to use them. Here he should be made to feel absolutely at his ease, troubled by no fear of "mussing things," no need to thread his way anxious-ly through a maze of furniture and various decorative obstructions, trembling lest 53; W. E. Benedict, 50, and E. R. Skidmore. comforts, she will leave him this one,-Percy Vere, in March Ladies' Home Jour-

GREAT ENGLISH FORTUNES.

Some of the Pleasant and Upnleasant Vis- This Will Show Why the English Are Investing Over Here.

One ceases to wonder at the amount of story, "The Liar," paints the arrival of a British capital seeking investment in the comes next with \$5,300,000, and a member of the great banking house of the Barings

Shoes that are worn regularly, if cared for, will last much longer than if neglected. When shoes are taken off they should be wiped with a soft cloth, and, after airing a little while, oiled or polished and put in a box by themselves or a shoe bag. To prepare deviled crabs, boil a number

of crabs, and after carefully picking the meat add cracker or bread crumbs in the proportion of one tablespoonful of crumbs to two of the picked crabs. Season sharply with salt, black pepper, cayeane and mus-tard: add a large lump of fresh butter. Beat an egg, white and yelk together, and add to it enough fresh milk or cream to moisten the crab and bread crumb forcemeat. Fill the upper crab shell with this mixture and dust with crumbs, dot with bits of butter and brown quickly in a hot

Carnaffs.-Take some cold cooked ham Carnafis.—Take some cold cooked ham and chop it fine, season with pepper. Put a tablespoonful of butter and an even table-spoonful of flour in a sauce pan, mix and add a gill of cream, stir continually until it boils, take it from the fire, add the well-beaten yelks of four eggs and a half pint of chopped ham. Put this into buttered caps, stand them in a baking pan half filled with hot water, cover with paper and cook in the oven for twenty minutes. Serve with cream sauce.

Don't paint flower pots, because the more porous the pot is the better, and paint fills the pores and keeps out the air and keeps the water in. The chief cause of failure in growing hanging plants is they are not given a sufficient amount of water because, perhaps, it is rather difficult to get at them. The best plan is to put them in a tub or sink and sprinkle them until the soil is thoroughly wet.

Pistol Target Practice.

Pistol shooting at targets is getting so popular now, says the New York Times, that men about town are devoting almost as much attention to it as to billiard playing, and in consequence of this the up town galleries have been given a great boom. During the last fortnight there has been a match at Conlin's shooting gallery, Thirtyfirst street and Broadway, which has occasioned not a little rivalry among the pistol

decimal target for a mark at twelve yards made a score of 58 out of a possible 60, Prof. Conlin thought this was an excellent score for a beginner, and Mr. Carlin got the gold medal as a prize. Other good scores in this match were those of A Stein, 53; W. E. Benedict, 50, and E. R. Skidmore,

About a dozen pistol experts entered a match, which was decided too late this morning to make the score public, shoot-ing at a small French target whose bull's eye is no bigger than a nickel three-cent coin, at a distance of twelve yards. The shooting was accurate and rapid, a forty-four-calibre Russian model Smith & Wesson revolver being used.

The new French poplin is made with a lace-work stripe and is exceedingly hand-